# New Orleans Daily Crescent.

SEVERAL NEWS SUMMARY BY THE MAILS.

RAILROAD COLLISION.—The Nashville Patriot of the 21st has the following:

Early Saturday morning about 8 o'clock a freight and passenger train came in collision a short distance this side of Fountain Head, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, by which the two locomotives were destroyed—one of them blowing up, and the other being ruined by the smash-up. The engineer and fireman saved themselves by jumping from the trains, but several laborers were injured, one of them fatally, it is feared.

ARSENIC BALLS.—The Savannah Republican of the 18th has the following paragraph:

On Friday morning last, just before dawn, as the cars on the Central Road were passing about two miles beyond Franklin, a billet of wood, weighing about six pounds, was thrown by some miscreant through one of the windows, grazing the head of Mr. Sanderson, of Madame Anna Bishop's troupe, it struck against the opposite side of the car immediately over Madame Bishop's head, and fell on the seat behind her. Fortunately no damage was done to any of the passengers, though the fragments of glass from the window were scattered in the faces of those sitting near it.

SERVED HIS RIGHT.—Our friends at Bamberg are determined that no impudence shall tarry long in their midst. A correspondent, writing from that place a few days ago, says: "A man who says his name is Dan, (a blacksmith by trade,) and who appears to be about thirty years old, made his appearance in Bamberg on the 7th inst., and when called upon by the Vigilance Committee very promptly confessed that he was expelled from Edgefield District a few days ago for refraining from having been rather too familiar with the negro population of that place, whereupon the citizens of Bamberg informed him that if he did not leave in one hour they would apply a thick coat of tar and feathers to his head, one hundred lashes to his naked body, and by blisters to his feet; and Dan, knowing it would be done, started off in a gallop."—Barnwell (S. C.) Sentinel.

A MIDNIGHT CAST.—Isabella Jane, the daughter of James Stephens, the wife poisoner, recently hung in New York, died in that city on Saturday, the 18th. She was about nine years of age, and was an only child. The Post says:

She did not see her father for some time previous to his execution, the circumstances of which seem to have borne heavily upon her youthful mind, and followed her in her sleep and death. She will be interred in the same grave with her father, designed originally for the ashes of her mother. Thus, strangely, the entire family has passed away—the mother murdered, the father hanged for the crime, and the daughter killed by a broken heart.

The Tribune says:

Several weeks previous to her death the child, which was in her ninth year, sickened with scarlet rash, of which she had nearly recovered, when one day she went in company with a servant to market, and overheard some one making the remark, "That is the daughter of Stephens, the man who poisoned his wife." The stigma appeared to weigh heavily on her mind; after returning home she left into a fever. The last saw her three days before her execution, when she was taken into his cell and bade him an affectionate farewell. She was passionately attached to him, and continued to the hour of her death to deplore his cruel, and, to her, mysterious fate, the particulars of which had been so carefully kept from her by her aunt, she could not understand why her father should be hung, and frequently declared that he had no more share of the crime charged against him. On her death bed she repeatedly prayed that God might have mercy on those who brought him to such an end.

A DANGEROUS SERVANT.—The Saint Public, of Lyons, says:

A young widow residing in this city lately took into her service a girl who had excellent testimonials. Two days ago, as the lady was sitting in the drawing-room, the girl entered, carrying under her apron a little bundle. Her mistress, her little daughter, about 4 years old, with the head foremost, and proceeded deliberately to open one of the windows. The lady, astonished at her manner, asked her what she was going to do with the child; to which the servant, with the greatest coolness, said that she was going to throw it out of the window. The poor mother jumped up in alarm and rushed forward to prevent her; but the servant being the stronger, succeeded in opening the window, and, as she had now accomplished her purpose had not the widow, in a moment of desperation, seized the girl's hand with her teeth, and compelled her to relinquish her hold. The child was thus saved, but the poor mother has been ever since in mortal fear. The girl has been placed in a lunatic asylum.

A BOLD FUGITIVE FROM SLAVERY.—The inhabitants of Portsmouth, N. H., were favored last week by a call from a bright, smart-looking negro, who represented himself to be a fugitive slave direct from Maryland. He called on several of our traders, who responded liberally to his call. At about eight o'clock, one of our liberty-loving citizens, learning that a fugitive was in town, determined to see him before he left. He therefore, in great haste, reached the train just in time to give the "nigger from Africa" a "quarter," and to bid him God-speed in his undertaking. It now seems that the same "fugitive" was an impostor, unworthy the confidence of any town. [Boston Traveler.

FORTY-NINE CHILDREN DROWNED.—From Mr. Brooks, editor of the Quincy Herald, we learn that a most terrible calamity, rivaling that of the Pemberton Mills, occurred on Thursday last, near the town of Hardin, Ill., on the Illinois river, and about twenty-five miles above Alton. Fifty school children, in attendance at a university at that place, went out upon the ice to play. The ice gave way, and, with one exception, all were lost. Our informant was unable to give further particulars, but he represents that the village was a scene of universal mourning, almost every family in it having lost one or more of its members. [St. Louis Herald, 21st.

HORRIBLE DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A CAT.—One day last week a man named Stephen Hamel, residing on Liberty street, near Sycamore, entered the garret of his house to expel some cats that had destroyed his peace for several nights previous, and cornering a feline monster that he believed to be the prime minister in the disorder, proceeded to administer to it a number of vigorous and well-directed blows with a stick. Suddenly the cat leaped upon him with the ferocity of a tiger, and before he could free himself from its grasp, scratched and bit him about the face in a terrible manner. The next day he grew delirious, and his head swelled up to twice its natural size. In this condition he lingered till yesterday, when death came to his relief.—[Cincinnati Enquirer, 18th.

A NATIVE AFRICAN.—Yesterday afternoon a native African was placed in charge of Capt. Brashears, at the central police station, to await the order of Dr. Hall, the agent of the colonization society. It appears that he was born at a point a considerable distance south of Monrovia, and where, by the frequent stoppage of English vessels, the people are partially civilized. Having reached the age of 26 years, Fabia, as the man calls himself, obeyed the custom of his land and took five wives, with all of whom he says he lived happily. A few months ago the ship Exchange touched at the native town of Fabia, and having a desire to see the world he shipped as a sailor and came to Baltimore. A idea has lately haunted him that some of his own color wanted to sell him as a slave, and having been born a free man he became terribly excited by fear.

The custom of that part of Africa is to mark all who are born free, and Fabia was quick to exhibit his marks to all who approached him. The center of his forehead from the nose heavens the mark of the branding iron, and at the outer corner of each eye there are three distinct marks made by the same means. Besides these, the iron was placed on his left arm reaching from the wrist nearly to the elbow, leaving a corrugated surface. These are his marks of freedom. His dialect is entirely unintelligible in this region, and the few English words he has learned are so badly spoken that it is difficult to understand what he says. He is about six feet high, of fine proportions, and his hands look as if they had been but little used to labor. He will be taken care of and sent to the coast of Africa by a vessel which is expected to sail during the present week. Fabia expresses a great desire to return to his home, that is, his aguinous his wives and father. [Baltimore Sun.

LEAGUES, PLANTERS AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS are referred to the advertisement of Messrs. Boothby, Lewis & Co., who are now receiving and opening an exceedingly large, varied and entirely new stock of every sort of French, English and German fancy and staple dry goods, which ladies and gentlemen accustomed to purchasing their goods, and which interior merchants are prepared to supply with a very valuable stock of goods for their business. Constituting a very large trade, Messrs. B., L. & Co. are enabled to give the lowest of prices and the most satisfactory of terms to both retail and wholesale buyers, as all will find who call and examine their goods, terms and prices.

SHAWS BELOW COST.—Messrs. C. A. Burrage & Bro., 131 Canal street, desirous of closing out their entire stock of winter and spring stock, offer that splendid assortment of fashionable goods below cost; and this, therefore, is an unusual opportunity of obtaining for ready payment a valuable consignment, the which, when opened, will deck the owners fairer than the lilies of the valley. Messrs. B. & Bro. are opening choice lots of spring goods, which will be sold very low—among them a complete assortment of boys', ladies' and misses' hosiery of German and English manufacture. See the advertisement of C. Burrage and Bro., New.

## Thirty-Sixth Congress—First Session.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—*Senate.*—Mr. Polk, of Missouri, appeared for the first time this session and took a seat.

Mr. Brown presented several petitions from citizens of Washington relative to a railroad on Pennsylvania Avenue. Referred.

Mr. Fitch reported a resolution of the committee of printing, for withholding the binding of the Senate from the person with whom the contract was originally made, until the committee would examine whether the contract with the Secretary of the Senate was in pursuance of law. The resolution lies over.

On motion of Mr. Chandler, the bill providing for deepening the channel over the St. Clair flats, in the State of Michigan, was made the special order for Thursday next.

The Senate resolved to adjourn over to-morrow until Thursday.

*House.*—The Speaker announced the select committee on the Senate's bill to abolish the franking privilege, as follows: Messrs. Vallandigham, Kellogg, of Ill., Burnett, Adams, of Ky., and Stokes.

Mr. Lovejoy asked leave to introduce a preamble and resolutions reciting the rights and privileges of the citizens of the several States under the constitution, and setting forth that, whereas, it is alleged by responsible parties that citizens of some of the States going into other States on business, such as the collection of debts, teaching and other like lawful business, have been personally treated with indignity and violence, incarcerated and driven from their property for certain sentiments they hold, and without allegations of crime; and whereas an alleged practice similar to the European passport system, is springing up; therefore,

*Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to inquire into the above facts; also, whether any further legislation is necessary to give effect to the said provision of the constitution, and that the committee be empowered to send for persons and papers.

Mr. Lovejoy demanded a vote on the passage of the resolutions, but objections were made.

Mr. Houston moved there be a call of the House.

Mr. Sherman, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported bills for the support of the Indian Department, for fulfilling treaty stipulations with certain Indians in Oregon and Washington Territories, and for the construction, preservation and repair of certain fortifications. Referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Pryor, after announcing the death of the Hon. Wm. O. Goode, of Virginia, a member elect of the Thirty-Sixth Congress, from the Fourth District of Virginia, proceeded to eulogize the life and character of the deceased. Mr. Goode, he said, was born in September, 1790, and therefore had well nigh attained the ripe age of seventy years. He was a native of that State in which he had been reared, and from which he had received so distinguished honors. By an indulgent father he was favored with all the advantages of fortune, and chief among these were the facilities of a liberal education.

Mr. Miles, of South Carolina, and Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, followed, and after the passage of the usual resolutions, as a further testimony of respect to the deceased, the House adjourned.

## Louisiana Intelligence.

The Iberville Sentinel of Saturday last says:

On last Thursday evening, between 7 and 8 o'clock, a shooting scrape took place between Joseph Houssieau, Alfred Brown and Josiah Brown. The cause of the difficulty seems to have been this: Houssieau got on board of the ferry boat to cross the river, when a quarrel ensued between him and Alfred Brown, which caused Brown to strike him, whereupon Houssieau pulled out a pistol and shot him in the knee. Brown then called his brother, Josiah Brown, to bring him something to defend himself with. During this time, Houssieau shot him again, the ball wounding him (Brown) in the abdomen. Josiah Brown then ran to his brother several times at Houssieau, one of the balls taking effect in his back, indicting a flesh wound. Alfred Brown, is now dangerously ill from the effect of the last wound, and is not expected to recover.

The storm of Tuesday last was very severe in many places along the river:

On Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock, one of the most powerful rains of the season was introduced by a thunder gust, and continued to fall for eight or ten hours as if "the bottom had fallen out." By the time it was over, large sheets of rain water had gathered upon the lower portions of the great plantations around us, making Concordia parish, resemble a map of the world, studded with continents and oceans—the oceans covering the broader space.

The Covington Wanderer of Saturday says:

Wednesday and Thursday were beautiful, Friday (to-day) has brought another "chill to our bodies" the thermometer falling from 65 to 42, or just 11 deg. above freezing point, with a north north-east wind.

It has been lately discovered that the late severe freeze has left its mark, and bid good-by to every fig and orange tree—killed them right out, and no mistake.

The Calcasieu Press of the 18th says:

We learn that the schooner Fancy, bound to Hermentour from this port, was found a few days ago one mile to the west of Calcasieu Pass, a total wreck. Her owner, Capt. John Kelly, and son, were on board when she left, but it is not known whether any one else was; when boarded all seemed to indicate that the vessel had been wrecked for several days, and all on board must have met with a watery grave. Capt. Kelly was an estimable citizen, and leaves a family to mourn his untimely loss.

## Mississippi Reminiscences.

[From the Woodville Republican.]

In my last, I alluded to Sir William Dunbar as one of Mississippi's great men of the past. I will here say a few words of Audubon, the great Naturalist. I met him on Broadway about fourteen years ago, looking hale and hearty, and one of the handsomest old gentlemen in the world. His long flowing hair was as white as the driven snow, his face florid and healthy, his fine eyes piercing and as bright with enthusiasm as in his younger days when he was a resident of our State. This was nearly forty years ago. One day the neighbors of a small house in Washington that had been some time without a tenant, observed that it was occupied by a foreign looking gentleman with dark eyes and black hair, who wore a hunting shirt and leggings.

His habits awoke their curiosity; for although Washington, Adams county, was then the capital, it was not so large that people did not pry into their neighbors' affairs. They observed that he never went out without a double-barreled gun and three dogs, and that sometimes he would be absent a week, when he would return, laden with birds of all sorts and sizes. These he would spend days in stuffing, and making them look "as if they were all alive again;" and then he would draw and paint them. He formed no acquaintances. He lived alone and like a hermit. Speculation was at fault as to who he was. The general opinion went that he was deranged, as no reasonable man would pass weeks shooting little birds without cooking and eating them, but only to stuff and paint them. But having one day saved the life of a young lady, a guest at Governor Sargent's, who lived then on the hill near the cottage, as she was trying to cross, on horseback, the St. Catherines, when swollen, and had got into the quicksands, he was then respected and left alone in his mystery.

My mother says she often met him on the road with his gun, birds and dogs, and he never failed to lift his cap with that politeness which a Frenchman never forgets in the presence of a lady. A sort of acquaintance in this way sprung up, and one day he came to her gate, where she stood superintending the clipping of the hedge of Laurimundi, and said, with a slight accent:

"Pardon, madam, but I see that your beautiful grounds are alive with humming-birds. I see they love the place. I observe among them a greater variety than I have met with in the forests. My pursuit is that of a naturalist. My name is unknown, but it is Audubon. I am collecting specimens of all American birds to preserve and paint, intending, one of these years far in the future, to publish a book illustrating the habits and forms of the birds. I should esteem it a favor if you will permit me to catch some of the humming-birds I see hovering about the cape jessamines."

My mother cheerfully invited him in. He shot the birds he wished with an Indian blow-gun, which knocked them to the ground without injuring their brilliant plumage. Several he caught with a net adroitly thrown so as to fall over them.

The book then prophesied by him is his noblest monument! and the name Audubon, then "unknown," as he said, has now become immortal. His ornithological works are among the most valuable and costly the world has produced. His son is now editing a new series at a cost of $400 a copy! They have become a necessity to every library where its purchase can be afforded.

The house he dwelt in is now included in the grounds of the residence of Madame Brookes. In the same house subsequently lived Gov. Geo. Poindexter; and prior to Audubon's occupation of Blennerhassett, Burr's victim, passed a winter there! Mr. Blennerhassett, several years later, came to Natchez, and lived in close retirement in its suburbs. About twelve years since, the last of the Blennerhassetts, her son, a man of fifty, died of *delirium tremens* Under the Hill at Natchez! How all that Aaron Burr touched withered! The gaze of his eyes seemed to blast all who came under their influence. The desolate condition and wretched end of that unhappy family were his work.

And this recalls the fact that Burr, after his arrest at Cole's Creek, was placed under guard at Washington, and temporarily imprisoned in the brick edifice now known as the Preparatory Department or Campus of Jefferson College. He was, however, immediately released on parole, and spent several weeks enjoying himself at the dinner parties which in that day characterized the society of the place. It was from Washington he escaped and on horseback made for Mobile across the country, intending to embark for Europe. He was, however, pursued and overtaken at St. Stephen's, on the Bigbee river, seventy miles north of Mobile. Thence he was conveyed as a State's prisoner to Annapolis and tried for treason.

There is a noble red oak in the center of the college ground, beneath which the first public announcement of the transfer of Mississippi from Spain to the United States was proclaimed. Nearly opposite the gate of the Campus is a dwelling once the head-quarters of Gen. Jackson, although he really had his camp on the hill, half a mile off, on the other side of the St. Catherines. It was, while encamped here, after his victory on the 8th, the plague broke out among his soldiers, (the results of exposure and fatigue at New Orleans,) and several hundred of his men died. The brick school-house spoken of above was the hospital, and several times it was emptied of its patients by the "bearers of the dead."

The whole of the history of Washington is full of interest. Its most faithful chronicler is Col. Wailes, a native of the place, and a gentleman well known for his learning, science and public spirit, who resides there in a handsome villa.

Thirty years ago, in the vicinity of the town, were dug up the remains of a monster who lived and walked the earth before the creation of man! Parts of his huge skeleton are in the cabinet of the college, and a portion in the possession of Col. Wailes, whose library is a perfect museum of scientific curiosities. GAYOSO.

*Auduban is of French parentage, and was born in New Orleans.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD QUESTION.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun writes, under date of the 20th:

A select committee of nine is about to be raised in the Senate for the consideration of the subject of railroad and telegraphic communication with the Pacific across the continent. This is the most important and pressing of the subjects of practical legislation now before Congress. The work has been urged for years upon the Government as one of military necessity, inasmuch as its whole cost would be absorbed in the transportation of troops and munitions of war from the Mississippi to the Pacific within perhaps a year or two. But in another point of view such facilities of communication are desirable. It would equalize the benefits of the Union, render more amicable relations of Federal Government harmonious, and prevent any aberration of feeling between the people of the Atlantic and of the Pacific shores.

The commercial advantages of these works are such as have attracted private enterprise. Even if the work be left to States or associations, without the Government aid which is due to it, there is no doubt that in course of time it would be executed. The same people who within the last thirty years have constructed twenty-five thousand miles of railroad, and put it in practical and successful operation, will, in due time, make railroads across the continent to the Pacific.

QUAKERS AIMING TO RESIST LEGAL AUTHORITY.—Since the requisition of Gov. Kirkwood for Barkelay Coppie, the peace principles of our Springdale Quakers have almost forsaken them. We learn that they have received boxes of Sharpe's rifles, and that they have revolvers in the hands of all the young men of the place. We learn that they have taken a brick store formerly occupied by Thomas Winn, and converted it into a fort, making holes in the upper part to shoot through. They say that Coppie shall not be taken.—[Cedar (Iowa) Democrat.

FORNEY AND MAZEPPA.—Forney's comparison of himself to Mazeppa is very apt indeed. It must be remembered that Mazeppa, when a lad, was taken up by a nobleman of power and influence, and placed in a position of ease and independence. He took advantage of the opportunities of his position, and the credulity of his patron, to inflict upon him a disgraceful and irreparable injury. Driven forth on the discovery of his infamy, Mazeppa joined his own and his master's enemies, and rallying a band of outlaws and thieves, animated by the hope of plunder, he assailed the home of his old friend and benefactor, and burned it to the ground. This story would naturally present itself to the mind of any one familiar with the past relations between James Buchanan and John W. Forney. [N. Y. Atlas.

BURNED TO DEATH.—The Columbus (Miss.) Expositor of Wednesday last has the following:

Our agent, Mr. W. Hand, informs us of a sad and painful casualty which occurred in Pickens county on the 2d inst. It seems that the family of one Mr. Heritage were all from home, except a lad some six or seven years old and his sister, a young lady. The little brother, without the knowledge of the sister, set the grass and other combustible material in the yard on fire, which threatened to consume the dwelling, and in the attempt to extinguish the flame the dress of the unfortunate girl took fire and burnt her in so shocking a manner that she died in a few hours.

MISSISSIPPI CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The Grenada Locomotive says:

An immense number of travelers are daily being carried over the Mississippi Central Railroad, besides an unusually large amount of freight. This speaks well for the prosperity of the road.

GENERAL CASS.—The Washington correspondent of the Columbia South Carolinian, writing of a great dinner recently given in Washington to the members of Congress and others by the venerable Gen. Cass, says:

One peculiarity of General Cass' dinners is, that he does not ever take his seat at his own sumptuous board. His son-in-law, Mr. Ledgard, does the honors of the table, and General Cass dines on a crust or cracker. He pursues his abstemious course as necessary to preserve his health at this advanced age. General Cass' house is filled with antique busts and statues. Among others, is an original of "Scipio Africanus," and if you want to know exactly the shape, face, head and brow of Scipio, the next time you happen to see Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, look closely at him, and you will have the information desired.

A GALLANT GREYHOUND.—The following incident, said to be well attested and taken from a French work entitled *L'Histoire des Chiens Celebres*," shows that a well-educated dog, under exciting circumstances, can not only reason and act with wonderful decision and presence of mind, but can also manifest a feeling of revenge, which is not necessarily his natural character, but which can hardly be surpassed in intensity by a Christian warrior. Mustapha, a strong and active greyhound, belonged to a captain of artillery, raised from its birth in the midst of camps, always accompanied its master, and exhibited no alarm in the midst of battle. In the hottest engagements it remained near the cannon, and carried the match in its mouth. At the memorable battle of Fontenoy, the master of Mustapha received a mortal wound. At the moment when about to fire upon the enemy, he and several of his corps were struck to the earth by a discharge of artillery. Seeing his master extended lifeless and bleeding, the dog became desperate, and howled piteously.

Just at that time a body of French soldiers were advancing to gain possession of the piece, which was aimed at them from the top of a small rising ground. As if with a view to revenge his master's death, Mustapha seized the lighted match with his paws, and set fire to the cannon, loaded with case-shot. Seventy men fell on the spot, and the remainder took to flight. After this bold stroke, the dog lay down sadly, near the dead body of his master, licked his wounds, and remained there twenty-two hours without sustenance. He was at length with difficulty removed by the comrades of the deceased. This gallant greyhound was carried to London, and presented to George II, who had him taken care of as a brave and faithful public servant.

LATE IMPORTATION.—A splendid assortment of spring and summer goods, comprising late and choice styles in flounced Paris silk robes, new style of summer silks, flounced English barege, new style Marie Antoinette robes in organdy and barege, real point lacers, real black thread, cambric and pusher lace, shewis, pointes, laces, etc., has just been received, and is offered for sale by Mr. John Todd, Nos. 12 and 14 Chartres street. The public are respectfully requested to call at this establishment and examine this rich and elegant stock of French millinery, all articles of which are of the latest style, and are advertised in this morning's Crescent.

SPRING TRADE OF 1860.—We direct the attention of the trade to the advertisement issued through our columns by Messrs. T. S. Powell & Co., jobbers of silk, straw and fancy dry goods. They have in store and ready for inspection their spring and summer stock, which is of great extent and variety, as may be seen by articles and lines of merchandise catalogued. Merchants buying for cash or approved credit will find very advantageous rates at the store of these dealers—as favorable as can be had in the country, North or South.

DENTAL.—Dr. A. P. Dostie, the skilful and well-known dental practitioner, No. 10 Baronne street, finding his practice more than he could attend to, has secured the assistance of Dr. Metcalf, of New York, an eminently artistic and experienced dentist, and is now prepared to attend promptly to any amount of business in all branches of the profession. See Dr. Dostie's advertisement.

MEDICINAL.—Messrs. J. Wright & Co., 21 and 151 Chartres street, wholesale and retail dealers in medicines, advertise this morning "Wright's Rejuvenating Elixir," "Winer's Canadian Vermifuge," "Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills," "Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor," and that popular cosmetic known as "Jones' Lilly White."

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY.—Strangers, country merchants, school committees, proprietors of schools, academies and colleges, are all addressed by Mr. W. Fleming, of Magazine street, Fourth District, who has opened again with a very large and complete stock of school books, blank books, note, letter, cap and record paper, envelopes, portfolios, scrap books, bertautams, albums and staple and fancy stationery generally. Mr. Fleming will sell very low, and his goods are of fine quality. We refer to his advertisement.

THE NEW PATENT ELIPTIC SEWING MACHINES, manufactured by Sloat & Co., are said to be a very great and decided improvement, simple, durable and really learned. They are advertised and for sale at No. 99 Canal street.

## Elopement—Lovers on the Way to Canada—A Sorrowful Denouement.

[From the Detroit Free Press, 16th.]

A dispatch was received by Gunning and Blodget, private detectives, night before last, requesting them to apprehend a young woman named Eliza Morrison, who was supposed to be on the train from Toledo. It was stated that she was from Cincinnati, where her parents resided, and that she had run away from home with the intention of meeting and marrying her lover in Canada. The individual who filled that interesting position was also a resident of the city of magnificent pork-packing capacities, and had such a high respect for the detective qualities of the young lady's papa that he was afraid to put his neck into the noose anywhere on American soil, and consequently planned an elopement to the Queen's dominions, where, in conscious innocence of either of the five cardinal crimes which the treaty looks upon as unpardonable, he hoped to enjoy immunity from paternal interferences. His plan did not succeed, however, as upon the arrival of the train the errant young lady was easily identified by the officers, and, in the midst of the prettiest of all confusions, forced to acknowledge her identity and submit to an involuntary detention.

The event having been caged, the knight errant was next looked after, and, upon the arrival of the next train, he was received with open arms, and requested politely to consider himself a prisoner of the authorities of the State of Michigan. Being conducted to the hotel where the young lady was awaiting the arrival of her vigilant paternal ancestor, the two were confronted, and immediately locked in each other's arms in rushing into each other's arms. There was a general time of it, and considerable lamentation over the sad fate which pursued them. The young lady spoiled the sparkle of her eyes with copious tears, and begged absolution in sweet, pathetic terms, that would have melted the heart of any body but an experienced officer whose fees are in prospect. She solemnly vowed that she would never love any body else but her John, who by the way, was surnamed Brown, and declared that her unfeeling papa might tie her up and starve her to death—indeed, he might take her poor little heart out of her body, and entirely omit to return it to her, also perpetrate innumerable other outrages upon her delicate little person before she would submit to descard her lover. The latter individual, who was not of the talkative order, stood by with his knuckles in his eyes, and affirmed her asseverations by energetic blasts through his nose. They were finally torn apart, and, as no instructions had been received regarding the male runaway, he was told to go about his business, which he did very disconsolately.

The party who personated the enraged parent arrived on the evening train, and straightway commanded Miss to pack up her duds and go home, which she was obliged to do, whether or not. Young Mr. Brown took very good care to keep out of his sight, and wisely waited for the next train. He said the old fellow was nothing but a common dealer in wholesale pork, and expressed it as his indignant opinion that he might send his pigs to a worse market yet.

## A Town on a Lake.

Rev. W. C. Smith, presiding elder of one of the Indiana conferences, gives the following account of Morgantown, in that State, one of the peculiarities of which is that it is built on a lake:

We read of a "city set upon a hill," but Morgantown, in my district stands upon a lake. This was not known for a number of years after the town was settled. The discovery was made by digging wells to procure a full supply of water. The supply of water in the wells which had been used, failing in the dry season, a few years since, one of the citizens concluded to sink a well deeper, and see if he could not strike a stronger vein. When some thirty-five or forty feet below the surface of the earth, the man at work in the well suddenly broke his pick through a crust, and the water gushed up with such rapidity, that with difficulty he was saved by the men at the windlass. In a few moments the water was some fifteen feet deep in the well.

In two or three instances afterward, men were near being lost by coming suddenly to this inexhaustible fountain of water. Wells have been sunk in different parts of the town, remote from each other, and I believe forty feet is the greatest depth to reach this lake. Lead lines have been dropped into several of these wells, but no bottom has been found. In digging down to this lake, they invariably pass through strata of sand, leaves and timber, resembling drift wood. This is some twenty feet below the surface of the earth. After passing through these strata, a stratum of hard clay is found, and when within some eighteen inches of the lake, a hard crust is reached, which is a sure indication that they are near the water. When they reach this crust, they commence a wall thereon, carrying it to the top of the well, then put down a large auger, and bore a hole, to the water, which gushes up with great force, filling the well from fifteen to twenty feet in a few minutes. When the auger strikes the lake, the atmosphere bursts up for a few seconds, producing a sound resembling very much the blowing off of steam from an engine. I have not given all the particulars of what has been discovered of this mysterious lake. Enough is known to settle it beyond a doubt that the whole town stands upon a lake under ground.

## Napoleon and the Pope.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Times, with whose opinions and prejudices we have nothing to do, writes a letter, from which we extract the following:

The fact is, this Papal question has revived a spirit in the Church which would be alarming if we did not know that a large proportion of the country has become too civilized to fall back again into the struggles and practices of the dark ages. Since the appearance of the pamphlet entitled The Pope and the Congress, six weeks ago, one hundred and twenty other pamphlets have issued from the press of Paris, seventy-five of which are devoted exclusively to the Roman question, the balance to the general question of Italy. In this *melée* of words and of impure passions, the Almighty has been attacked as one would not attack a policeman, and defended as one would not defend a burglar. M. Veuillot, in the *Univers*, now happily suppressed, was the leader of this war of words. Through it all pierces the cars of infidelity; for, notwithstanding the whole Church is convulsed to its very center, it is not the spiritual concerns of the Church, it is not the Christian religion, it is not the interests of the Almighty, nor, in fine, the Almighty himself, which occupies attention, so much as the secular power of the Church, and the privilege to continue at Rome a political despotism which is a disgrace to the age in which we live. In the struggle the Almighty is but a secondary interest; he is treated as if totally insensible to the respect or even politeness of his creatures. A dying Frenchman takes off his hat to death; why may he not, while living, speak politely of his Maker?

What is more curious than all, the Ultramontanes are in mourning for prohibition, the Prohibitionists for the Pope! It is in its character, however, literally a coalition of the dead, for in its ranks are found everything that is decrepid, everything that is fossil—in other words, a combination of past greatness. The Legitimists, with M. Villemain at their head, bring to the coalition their legitimist prejudices, their hatred of everything that is born of the people and which looks like progress; the ultramontane clergy bring their passion, their intolerance, their love of intrigue and universal domination; the Orleanists bring the bitter souvenirs of their late fall; the Prohibitionists the ardor and the energy of a powerful monopoly menaced by a speady death. In this combination of dissimilar elements, there appears at first sight no homogeneity but in a common opposition to a common enemy; but there is besides this a sentiment of caste and of exclusion, of domination and of privilege, common to them all, and it is this common link which unites the mass in a solid opposition against the Emperor and his policy.

The encyclical letter of the Pope only adds another element to the strife. This letter is said to have been drawn up by the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli in secret conclave, and by them sent to the *Univers* at Paris, in whose columns it was first seen by the Emperor Napoleon. By an encyclical letter we generally understand an address from the Pope to his cardinals and bishops, in which is made known the opinion of his Holiness on some point of Catholic dogma or of ecclesiastical discipline. But the present document, deprived of its exhortations "to implore the help of God, of the Immaculate Conception, and of Sts. Peter and Paul," falls at once to the level of a political manifesto.

Is this character what is its value? Just this: It is an appeal to the angry passions of the clergy and the Church against the policy of Napoleon in Italy. It is an appeal to war from the Vicar of a God of peace and of concord, of pardon and of moderation. It is a call for the intervention of brute force, of fire and chains, of the sword and the scaffold, in support of the blasting and insufferable political rule of the priesthood. It is a pontifical anathema hurled against a long-suffering and patient people, who have at last determined to shake off the crushing despotism of Rome.

Worse than all, his Holiness in this letter makes common cause with Austria and her satellites, the deposed Grand Dukes of Central Italy. He dares to tell Napoleon and the world that the prosperity of the Italy Catholic religion is closely allied with "the men," to use an expression of Grandguillot, "who retreated from Solferino in the baggage wagons of Austria." Austria herself is taken under the protection of the Holy See, and yet there is a strong party in France who sustain the Pope and his letter, and who second his unholy cry for a war against civilization and progress. This cry addresses itself as well to the subjects of Louis Napoleon; it is as much an appeal to revolt in France as ever emanated from a revolutionary club. His Holiness teaches the clergy in this letter "to inflame every day more and more the faithful confided to their care." What, in effect, is this but an appeal to sedition and revolt?

This encyclical letter of his Holiness creates for the Emperor Napoleon a new position. He now stands disengaged from all personal engagements toward Pius IX., and thus finds his Italian policy disembarrassed of one of its dead weights. If the French troops are not withdrawn from Rome, it will be from other motives than that of personal regard for the Pontifical Government.

The first effect of this encyclical letter has been to hasten the movement toward the annexation of his Holiness' dominions in Central Italy to Piedmont. We learn to-day that the Governments of France and England have each sent a note to that of Piedmont, giving their consent to the annexation of Central Italy in the manner pointed out by M. de Cavour in his late circular. The note was not a joint one, for two reasons: In the first place, the British Cabinet does not wish to be bound in its alliance with France by a written treaty; and in the second place, there is a difference between the two Governments as to the mode in which the people of Central Italy shall decide their choice, France preferring universal suffrage, and England a property qualification vote. Piedmont, of course, will decide this point, and neither France nor England will demur to the decision. Thus has the violence of the intemperate language of the Roman Government hastened its own downfall, as far as concerns its temporal power; for Piedmont once aggrandized by the addition of Lombardy, the Duchies, and the Romagna, the leaven of liberty and independence will not be long in extending over the rest of Italy. We may indeed safely predict that the end of clerical rule in Italy is close at hand, and the Pope and his Cabinet would do well to open their eyes to the fact.

## Disturbance at a Theater.

A serious disturbance has taken place in Verona. The dramatic company at the Ristori Theater, reduced to extremes by the refusal of the public to attend any places of public amusement, made an appeal to the charity of the inhabitants of the city by the announcement of a representation without admission tickets, but at which a collection was to be made during the performance for the benefit of the almost destitute members of the company. All the avenues to the theater were, towards 7 o'clock in the evening thronged with people. The police expected that some demonstration would follow, but did not know what form it would take. About 4000 persons entered the house, deposited their offerings in the plates which had been stationed in various parts of the theater to receive the contributions of the audience, and waited till the band struck off the overture, when, as if in obedience to a preconcerted signal, the cry of "Out! out!" was raised, and a general rush took place in the direction of the door. The commissaries of police, awed by this unexpected movement, took to their heels, and the dense multitude, issuing from the theater, defiled in procession along the streets, with shouts of "Death to Austria! Down with our tyrants! Long life to Victor Emanuel, our King!" The march through the city was saluted by the applause of the populace, and by an improvised illumination of the houses on the line of march. But the police soon recovered from the stupor occasioned by the first surprise, and came down upon the spot with a reinforcement of numbers. A general engagement took place; the civilians were charged in all directions with the bayonet; some ugly wounds were given and received. A horse patrol was overturned and trampled under foot, several officers were disarmed, and the rabble was finally dispersed and a number of persons left in the custody of the police. Demonstrations of a less serious character are of almost daily occurrence in Venice and the other cities of the Venitian provinces.

## A Big Snake.

A party of men from St. Joseph, Mo., while out hunting in that vicinity, heard one of their dogs growl and then a howl, a short distance in a thicket, and on running thither they found him in the coils of a large serpent. They soon killed the snake, which measured over thirty feet in length. The poor dog was so badly crushed that they had to shoot him to put him out of his misery. The above from the Hannibal Messenger, of Saturday last, is correct, so far as it goes. The snake is undoubtedly the one that escaped from Mabie's Menagerie last summer, in Kansas. It measured, instead of thirty feet, forty-two feet three-and-a-half inches in length, and was twenty-seven inches in circumference around the largest part of the body. It was killed on the 1st instant, by Mr. Cliff and others of this city. The cries of Mr. Cliff's dog first attracted his attention, and brought him to the spot, and having nothing with him but a double-barreled shot-gun loaded with bird shot, he discharged both loads at his snakeship, but without effecting much, and which only caused the snake to tighten its folds upon the poor dog.

About this time several others of the hunting party came up, but Mr. Cliff claimed the privilege of killing the snake, and taking the rifle from the hands of one of his friends, fired. The ball entered the left eye of the reptile and passed through the brain. When the ball entered the snake's brain, it instantly uncoiled from the dog and raised its head the full length of its body—over forty feet. Those who witnessed the death struggles of the snake, speak of them as being frightful. It first coiled itself up in a heap about the size of a hogshead, lashed the ground and its body with its tail, and as it swayed its bloody and mangled head, first to one side and then to the other, the party involuntarily turned away from a scene so awful to look upon. The skin of the snake is now being stuffed, and will be on exhibition in a few days at the "Fountain of Roses." [St. Joseph Gazette.

A TERRIBLE SPELL.—In the Louisville Journal we find the following:

We copy the following, without the slightest change of words, spelling or punctuation, from the Wevertown Democrat. We know it, not so much to inform our readers in regard to the "shooting affare" as to show them what sort of a writer the Locofoco party employs to do up its work in the fine town of Owensboro:

A SHOOTING AFFARE.

Came off last Saturday, Night, between, Harper Higdon, and James Gregry. The facts, are as are ware informed, last summer Higdon, and Gregry, had slight Higdon with a club and Gregry with, a slung shot, the belligerent parties was seperated with out either party being hurt. Gerld Higdon, lives in the country, Gregry, lives in Owensboro, on last saturday Higdon came to, Town and remained, after night. Gregry had packed his trunk and gone, on the wharf boat, weighting a Boot for Louisville, between 9. and 10 o'clock, Gregry, came up town and went in to Kerneys Exchange. Hotell where Higdon was, as soon as Gregry discovered Higdon, he advanced exclaiming, O goll dam you I have got you, and commenced striking, Higdon with a heavy stick, Higdon drue a Revolver and commenced firing at Gregry, at the 4th or 5th shot Gregry fell. Higdon thinking as all thought that Gregry was killed or badly, wounded, Higdon escaped from the house, in double quick time and has not been seen in town since. On examination Gregry, had received one or two shots through his his coat sleeve, that was all the damage done him. Both men are young and, ablebodied men if they war, ing